THE BOURBON NEWS.

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WORN INTO A THREAD.

Grandmother's Evening Song.

At twilight, as I sit and think of friends
that I have known,
And mem'ry wanders back to when I never
sat alone,
When I was called the village belle, and
Henry was my king,
And in the little church he gave to me a
wedding ring,
A richly rounded band of gold, that made
me his for life.
How proudly pleased I felt when Henry
called me "darling wife,"
But weary years have passed since then;
my king has long been dead;
The ring with which he wedded me is worn
into a thread.

And as my remiscent thoughts advance a
year or two,
The faces of our little ones present themselves to view,
Like sunbeams that have gone and left
their precious ghosts behind,
The happy days of motherhood recalling
to my mind.
My ears are filled with childish laughs, my
eyes brim o'er with tears;
I feel the sweet, warm baby breath I have
not known for years.
Again the little nightgowned forms are
kneeling by the bed,
Just as before the wedding ring was worn
into a thread.

The years flit by like swallows, on the wings
of fancy borne;
My precious sons and daughters of their
childishness are shorn.
A noble-faced young man relates the work
that he has done;
My voice takes on a happy tone of pride to
call him son,
The daughters, too, about me cling, as in
the days of old;
The slender, clinging, girlish forms upon
my breast I fold,
But they have passed away, into the great
hereafter led
Before their mother's wedding ring was
worn into a thread.

And now alone I sit and mourn, and no one
seems to care
Or think of those who, gone before, are
waiting "over there."
But I, with silvered hair and heart that
once was full of love,
Have naught to think or long for but the
Happy Home above,
Where they have gone to make for me a
place beside my king—
My Henry and my children, to whose memory I cling,
And they'll remember mother, even tho'
they went ahead,
And in Heaven kiss the wedding ring that's
worn into a thread.

—P. K. Mindil, in Chicago Dispatch.

BOHEMIA.

AT SEVENTEEN.

THERE are high hills on every side save one—the south approach leads up from a valley a mile away. The house faces the incline, and back of it, up and up, the grade rises until less than a mile away the tops of the green pines toss their brushes against the sky. Right and left close hills hedge in the house and on each side is a touch of the primeval forest. Back of the house on the incline is a flower garden, a kitchen garden, a strawberry bed, a strip of green corn, and a field of yellow grain.

In a corner of the garden, beyond the beds of vegetables and rows of thyme, rosemary and sweet marjoram, grape trellis and clump of currant bushes, where ripe fruit hangs like bunches of coral, there is a chestnut tree and under its shade is Janet Townsend's favorite retreat.

Janet is 17, her black hair is braided to her waist and beyond that falls in a silken bush that touches the grass as she sits with her hands clasped around her knees, her body leaning forward. Her eyes are dark and have in them that wistful, inquiring look you sometimes see in the eyes of the young.

Janet is dreaming of the future, waiting for the kingdom to come to her, and it is so much nearer than she dreams.

Overhead a songbird rustles among the leaves and flits upward from limb to limb until the topmost bough is reached. He pipes two or three short inquiring notes, turns his head this way and that to see if he is to be undisturbed, and then he balances forward, while the rich round notes of his wild song seem to fairly tumble from his throat.

"Janet, Janet," a voice is calling. "Janet, your father wants you." The girl's hands unclasp; she throws out her arms, numbed by the tension of the clasp about her knees, and then she lightly runs down the path to the house.

"Father wants you, Janet," one of the children repeats as she bounds up the steps of the back porch; "he is out on the front stoop."

"What is it, daddy?"

She sits down on the steps and looks up at the man so like herself. His dark eyes have retained their fullness and softness of youth, the cheeks are thin and dark with sun tan, but his forehead is broad and white.

"Were you busy, Janet?"

"I'm never busy, dad."

The man looks at the girl half regretfully. "I am afraid you don't like work, Janet. Work is a good thing."

"Yes, I know work is a good thing—the right kind of work."

There was silence for a few minutes and then she said, reaching out for the paper he held in his hand: "Do you want me to read the rest of that continued story? They had just reached the trial in the last chapter.

"No, not just now. Mother and I have been sort of thinking things over and we have decided that we will use the honey money each year for the children's education. Now, you are the oldest, Janet, and mother thinks you ought to have a chance because you have always had to kind of take care of the younger ones. I saw Zekial Hale in town to-day, and he tells me Elizabeth is going to a business college in the city. Mother and I concluded we'd have you go with her. Elizabeth's a good girl."

"What would I do with a business education, dad?"

"Oh, lots of girls are learning to be bookkeepers and stenographers and so on. Do you want to go?"

"Not to be a bookkeeper, dad."

"Why?"

"I have got book learning enough, but if you will let me go and study drawing—" the girl goes behind her father and puts her arms close around his neck. "I can draw well now; Mr. Muncie says I can learn no more from him. I want to be an artist."

The man's face is thoughtful. "I don't know about that, Janet. I'm afraid mother won't agree, but I'll ask her. Children nowadays do learn different things from what they used to."

"Dear old dad," and the arms hug closer. "And I will live in bohemia."

He didn't say anything more. He is very proud of this bright, dark girl; he has an innate feeling that she really would not make a bookkeeper or an office girl; she is so different from the other children.

The matter is finally settled, and she is going away! Away from the cottage all woodbine covered, the sweet damp woods, the birds that sing in the treetops. Away from the deep, clear-watered creek and the favorite spot where the eddy is formed by a jutting bank and the speckled trout skims the water and leaps at the wide-winged fly that hovers over. No feather fly and spoon hook have ever swept that water.

It was all about her, but the girl did not know it—bohemia, land of childhood and innocence, of all good things in life.

AT TWENTY-TWO.

The curtain has gone down on the last stage picture, the immense audience has turned its back upon the orchestra which is pouring out in stentorian tones the stirring strains of "The Star Spangled Banner." Fashion and beauty have been present to hear a star of unusual magnitude read one of Shakespeare's wonderful characters in the process of a play and they are going out more than ever impressed with the great bard's wonderful knowledge of the natures and manners and genius of men.

In a righthand box some ladies have been sitting during the performance, deeply interested until the next to the final act, when the principal character leaves the stage. He has been the guest of the elderly woman at dinner, for he is one of society's favorites wherever he goes. With the box party there is a dark girl in a red cloak, rich velvet ruffles close about her throat, a red flower in her jetty hair and a few more are in her hand. This is Janet Townsend at 22, the clever artist whose work depicts many scenes in books of the day, whose pen and ink sketches are sought by publishers everywhere.

The ladies are waiting for the crowd to pass out so they may go comfortably to their carriage, then the stage door swings and the star is standing with them—a man of some 37, straight and firm, eyes dark and tender as a woman's, and hair that is touched with a tint of sunshine. He is a conspicuous figure in the world of men, yet there is not a single trick of manner nor a distinguished feature or whim to attract. Brilliant, straightforward, honest and sincere, a poet in nature, he sees the

"I'M NEVER BUSY, DAD."

beautiful of life and recognizes it everywhere.

The ladies shake hands with him, with words of praise and thanks for a delightful evening. Janet is the last to offer her hand, and the others are passing out toward the lobby as she does so.

They walk slowly up the short flight of steps, he holding her fingers as if in assistance.

"There is something very peculiar about this," he is saying. "I have never met you until to-day, and yet it seems as if I had known you all my life." The full glare of the electric light is falling upon her uplifted face. A flush creeps up to her cheeks, making them almost the tint of the ruffles about her throat. She smiles brightly.

"Perhaps we met in some other world," she says.

"I am sure we have not. I should have remembered. Mrs. Allyn tells me you have some character sketches from one of my plays."

"I made them from your photographs. Would you like to see them?"

"May I?"

"If you care to come to-morrow afternoon I shall be pleased to show them to you."

He puts her into the carriage with her friends and then stands for a moment looking after the brougham rolling down the white asphalted street.

"What a glorious woman!"

Janet Townsend's studio is a simple place where artists may always be sure of finding kindred souls on Friday afternoon, where newspaper men and publishers drop in and get ideas for this or that. Pictures, draperies, potted plants, portfolios and hundreds of sketches in black and white are all about.

Janet is talking to a well-known publisher about a cover design when the star enters. She drops the piece of card and goes forward to greet him.

"I am so glad you have come." The welcome is simple, but the flush on her face speaks more than words.

She shows him the sketches, exquisite work from photographs in character, and one by one, as the day is drawing to a close, the visitors drift out and they are left alone.

A sort of embarrassment creeps over both.

"You have had a successful season?"

"Very."

"And you will come this way again?"

"I hope so." He looks up quickly; she raises her eyes. He reaches out his hand and takes one of hers. "Shall I see you when I come again; may I hope that you will look or—" His voice has grown very tender and he is speaking hastily. Into her dark eyes steals the old sweet wistfulness they used to wear and her lips are trembling. He notes this—he notes all this and the tight clasp on his hand lightens.

His voice is changed when he speaks again:

"I am glad I met you, Miss Townsend. I shall always remember you." He drops her hand. "Adieu." She is not looking at him now; he raises her chin with the tips of his fingers. "God bless your bonny brown eyes—Janet."

He speaks her name so softly that she scarcely hears it, the curtains part and fall between them and she is standing alone.

If she sinks into a chair and throws her arms over the portfolio on the table containing his pictures there is no one there to see.

Bohemia, world of heartaches and partings, and dead sea fruit, so beautiful, so bitter, yet so sweet.

AT TWENTY-SEVEN.

There is a cottage in the heart of a New England city, built long ago, when land was plenty, and no one has ever been able to encroach upon or narrow down a single inch of the generous stretch of lawn and garden. It is a long way from the street gate to the wide veranda. A graveled walk leads up between the wide stretches of rich, green grass. The front of the house is covered with ampelopsis, that rugged vine which beautifies so many eastern homes. At the right of the house there are pear trees loaded now with white blossoms, tossing out on the wind their rich peculiar perfume.

The moon, so sadly neglected by the people of cities, is sailing overhead and making the pear trees look like great icebergs. The perfume of the blossoms has been intensified by the dew. From one window there gleams a little light; inside, a sweet, blue-eyed child is sleeping, while through the gate a man and woman slowly stroll and come up the graveled walk together.

"That play always impresses me deeply. What infinite understanding that man puts into his part!" The serious face of the broad-shouldered man shows that he has indeed been deeply impressed by the evening's performance.

"He has lost none of his old-time art. I saw him in that same character ten years ago, and he has not changed one iota. I made some sketches of him then, which afterward appeared in Walter Bridgman's splendid work on Shakespeare."

They have reached the veranda. "Let us sit out here for a little while; it is so cool and lovely."

The man draws forward two deep chairs and the woman removes her hat. Her dress of creamy white stuff, with rich lace about her throat, sets off the brilliant beauty of face and the perfect form. The hair is parted and drawn plainly back in the latest mode, and this is Janet at 27, the wife of a man who has numberless pictures in the academy, whose name is known in this and nearly every other country, but a man as modest and unassuming as man could be.

They have seen that same old play to-night; the star who had almost asked Janet to wait for his return, and who, probably, had not thought of her twice in all these years, had played that same old splendid character, and Janet had sat and listened to him with the keenest enjoyment. She is not thinking of him now, however.

"I had a letter from home to-day," she says. "Dad writes that mother is not very well, and wants me to come down and bring Rachel. Don't you want to go, too, Robert?"

He thinks of the picture that is to be finished to hang on the line. "You mustn't tempt me, Janet, but you go and take little Ray. It will do you both good. I will take you down and bring you back."

"And you don't mind if I'm not here to meet the people from abroad, and you will cancel our engagement with the Murrays at the shore?"

"Certainly. Don't we owe everything to dad—mustn't we establish a precedent for Rachel?"

"Robert, do you know I told dad ten years ago I wanted to live in bohemia, and he said in his letter to-day: 'You will find the same old seat under the chestnut. Maybe it isn't like bohemia, but it's mighty pleasant.'"

"And you found bohemia, Janet? Don't you know that bohemia is everywhere? It was under the chestnut when you were a girl; it was in your studio when you were sketching; it is here under the pear trees now. When you bound bohemia, sweetheart, you do not say it is bounded on the north by this country or that, and on the south by something else; you say it is bounded above by the blue sky of heaven and on every side by God's free air and sunshine."

"Why, you are a poet, Robert!"

"No, dear, only a little bohemian."

And with her arm through his, she crosses the veranda, and together they go in to little Rachel.—Prairie Farmer.

Chafing Dishes in Old Times.

At old Roman feasts all viands were served in hot chafing dishes.

BICYCLES AT PARIS FAIR.

Large Space to Be Given Up for Exhibition of Wheels.

Bicycles will be given greater prominence at the Paris exposition of 1900 than at any of the exhibitions of the past. A special building is to be erected in which the space will be devoted entirely to wheels. A monster cyclists' camp is also proposed. The following article bearing on the subject is taken from L'Industrie Velocipedique, of Paris:

"The Paris exposition of 1900 will be the great triumph of the bicycle. The portion of the exposition reserved for bicycles will be a remarkable building, built according to the plans of Paul Lemay and unique of its kind. There will be no subdivision throughout the vast interior; the immense space will be devoted entirely to the exhibition of bicycles of all dates and all shapes, from the first imperfect experiments and the running machines to the graceful and perfect machines which characterize the end of the century. What the apogee will be in the manufacture of bicycles in three years it is impossible to foresee, but no one familiar with the subject can say that the construction of bicycles has reached perfection. At the present time all the interest seems to be in motocycles, and it is increasing in the place of diminishing, many builders believing that an electric bicycle is the machine of the future.

"The palace where the bicycle exhibit will be held is already called the eighth wonder of the world. The exact size of the building is not yet determined, but the ground floor will hold a large crowd. The bicycle will be the dominating motive of the building and all the stories; the latter will be circular, with aisles radiating from the center of the building. All the windows will be circular, with spoke frames filled at the center with colored glass to represent the hub. The main entrance will be shaped like a gigantic fork with an immense handle of burnished copper resting upon it. Inside the seats will be made of the different parts of bicycles, and will be commodious and comfortable; the backs will be made of handles of different shapes, and a number of the seats with bicycle wheels for backs.

"One of the great attractions for wheelmen is the project of Francois Deloncle, who believes that the constant spread of cycling is such that the number of wheelmen visiting the exposition will reach hundreds of thousands. If the number in Paris from May to October is estimated at a minimum of 100,000, where will they store their bicycles? Certainly not in the overcrowded and extra high-priced hotels. Mr. Deloncle proposes to lodge them in tents. The English have had their cycling camps. All wheelmen will go to the Hundred Thousand camp, through necessity, economy and a thousand other reasons. The tent lodgings will be much cheaper than the Grand hotel or smaller caravansaries. They will not be swindled, for everything will be according to published rates. There will be tents for all tastes and purposes and all comfortable. It is believed the ideal place has been found on the Ile Puteaux, directly opposite the Bois de Boulogne, and connected in a straight line by a splendid boulevard to the cycle row of the Avenue de la Armee, within a mile of the exposition grounds. The camp will have its attractions, such as restaurants, cafes, storage, repair shops, etc."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SOLD AT CHURCH.

Times When Slaves Marketed Melons on Sunday.

"A man would hardly imagine that negroes used to crowd around the front of that elegant church and sell watermelons on Sunday," said H. T. Powell, the well-known banker, the other day. He referred to Mulberry Street Methodist church, one of the finest church buildings in Macon. "But it is a fact," continued Mr. Powell. "I am not an old man (and everybody in the crowd looked with admiration at his tall, erect figure), but I can remember those scenes as if they were but yesterday.

"It was before the war, when all the slave owners allowed their industrious slaves an acre or so of land on which to raise watermelons or anything they chose. The negroes were given every Saturday afternoon to tend their patches, and on Sundays were allowed to hitch a mule to a wagon and take their melons or other produce around to churches, camp meetings or elsewhere and sell them. It was a very common thing to see a man stop at a negro's watermelon pile and select a melon, pay for it and put it in his buggy and drive on home after church; and, indeed, children frequently clubbed in and bought melons from the slaves and ate them during the time between Sunday school and preaching."

In those days masters took great interest in the industry and enterprise of their slaves, and did everything they could to encourage them. Nobody ever thought of objecting to or interfering with the negroes in their Sunday traffic.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Free Speech in Prussia.

The low house of the Prussian diet or parliament has rejected a government measure which, had it become law, would have greatly abridged the right of free speech. Under the provisions of the bill, the police officer who represents the government at all political meetings in Prussia would have had power to disperse any meeting when in his judgment it was contrary to the criminal law or to the public order, or when among the audience he saw any person whom he thought to be a minor. The police would have had authority also to dissolve any association which held such a meeting, or which had minors among its members; and penalties of fine and imprisonment were provided for anyone who might remain at a meeting or contributed to the funds of a society under the ban of the police.—Youth's Companion.

ART OF EASE.

Consists in Appearing Perfectly Natural.

Although naturalness, with repose, is supposed to be the keynote of elegant living, one notices with interest the universality of the only half-concealed pose attitude of each aspirant after originality.

This pose is often so thinly disguised that it seems almost daring in its innocent affectation. For instance, an artistic home-maker, in arranging a bowl of roses on a low table, is impressed by the beauty of its coloring reflected upon the dull green of the room's carpet, and she immediately drops a blossom or two there, as if they had accidentally fallen from the vase.

In another house the drawing-room seems to hypercritical femininity to have a formal, uninhabited appearance. Presto! A magazine is thrown carelessly down on the divan or its arm, or an open book is laid upon its table, beside which an easy chair is drawn, giving a realistic impression of a recently-withdrawn presence to anyone entering.

A bunch of violets with their leaves that have dried nicely without decaying, or a pink rosebud or two in the same condition, in a low, clear glass vase, without water, in a young woman's bedroom, among bits of old silver or old ivory trappings, such as oval miniature frames, odd-shaped candlesticks, mother-of-pearl inlaid cabinets and so on, give a touch of subdued color and strike a vague chord of sentiment that is as gratifying as it is studied.

One feels that one is in the freshly-vacated boudoir of some old-time French favorite. The face of Recamier seems to be reflected in the antique gilded mirror or the laugh of de Broglie to be echoing among the draperies. These are acting, too, in their counterfeit antiquity, but they, and it all, are quite real and satisfying to our esthetic senses.—Leisure Hours.

LAVENDER BAGS.

Revival of the Old-Fashioned Linen Perfume.

The old fashion of perfuming linen with lavender has been generally revived. In reply to a correspondent who asks in regard to these sachets we give several styles. The simplest lavender "bags" are made of "butcher's" linen. This is the coarse quality of linen used for making butchers' aprons, and much affected by art embroiderers for various pieces of needlework. It costs about one dollar a yard. Fringe to the depth of one inch each of a piece of linen twelve inches long by ten wide. Sew it up to make an open sack 4¾ by 12 inches. Make a tight cushion of strong muslin about 4½ inches square. Stuff it full of lavender flowers. Embroider the case of linen with long sprays of English lavender, done in several delicate tints of lavender, and slip the cushion of lavender flowers into the case and tie up the ends about an inch and a half from the frings with narrow lavender ribbons. The cushion should be filled with fresh lavender flowers each season. These flowers are grown in some of our gardens, but it is a plant difficult to raise in this country because of the danger of its being winter killed. The new stock of lavender flowers is sent to this country from England in the beginning of fall and costs about 50 cents a pound at trustworthy druggists'. The cheap lavender flowers retailed at such low price on the sidewalks is generally from the old stock, which druggists throw out or dispose of otherwise when the new flowers come to market.

Lavender bags are quite frequently made of two shades of silk, one deep royal purple and the other pale lavender. The sachet may be in ordinary bag form, sewed up at one side and tied with two shades of purple and lavender at the other end, which is left hanging loose and fringed out.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Sick Room Suggestion.

To keep a sickroom clean where the carpeted floor cannot be swept, a professional nurse will go over the carpet with a cloth wrung out of warm water, in which has been put a little ammonia. Upholstered furniture is treated in the same way if that is a part of the furnishings. In many new houses a sickroom is included in the architect's plan. This may be used for another purpose while the family is unafflicted, but in cases of illness it is found to be invaluable. It has sunny exposure, an open fireplace, and no plumbing directly in the room. It opens into an entry in which is a window and from this into the main hall of the house, thus insuring protection in cases of contagious diseases. The floor is of hard wood with only washable rugs for purposes of silence. The walls are painted, so are the ceilings; there is indeed not an inch of surface that may not be washed, or that can hold germs. No upholstered furniture stands in it, cushions covered with linen slip covers affording ease in the rattan chairs and couches. One such built in a country house had the pictures let in the wall under glass, similar to a scheme often applied to a nursery. In such a room a smallpox patient might be quarantined without risk to family or neighbors.—N. Y. Post.

Stuffed Leg of Mutton.

Choose a small leg, beat it well, and remove the bone, being careful not to disfigure the joint. Prepare a mixture with some rice, breadcrumbs, chopped herbs and onions, all previously parboiled in a little stock—this must not be too moist. Put the mixture in the place of the bone, tie the joint round to a presentable shape, and bake in the oven or stew till tender. — Leisure Hours.

Canned Currants.

Pick carefully from the stems, allowing a pound of sugar to two of fruit, put them in a kettle, heat slowly, add the sugar and mix very gently. Do not let boil, but keep very hot for 20 minutes, then put in cans and seal.—Housekeepe

LESSON IN RIDING.

Not Much Progress Made in the Art of Cycling.

The lady disentangled herself from the wheel and looked at it mournfully, reproachfully, despairingly. The patient instructor stood meekly by, holding the machine, awaiting her pleasure.

"What can be the matter?" the lady asked.

"It's certainly mighty curious," the instructor replied, shaking his head.

"I'm sure I don't ride half so well as I did at the last lessson," proceeded the lady.

"That's so," admitted the candid instructor.

"Nor quarter so well as at the one before that."

"No, m'm."

"At my second lesson I rode half way across the room without you holding the wheel."

"You surely did."

"And at the fourth lesson I almost made a mount by myself."

"I seen you do it," and the instructor tapped his fingers on the saddle by way of emphasis.

"And now," pursued the lady in an indignant tone, "I can't ride two feet without falling off."

The instructor lifted the bicycle up so that it rested on the front wheel and kicked the pedal around, but said nothing.

"What can the reason be?" persisted the lady.

The instructor felt the tire of the rear wheel, but remained silent.

"Do you suppose it could be the fault of the wheel?" asked the lady.

"Hay?" exclaimed the instructor, his surprise overcoming his politeness.

"I don't mean in that way," the lady said hastily, with a blush. "Of course, it's really my fault, in a way, because I, and not the wheel, am learning to ride. But don't you think that the wheel may be misbehaving and that that may have something to do with it?"

"Do you mean that it's out of order?" asked the instructor, beginning to poke around among the joints and sprockets.

"No," said the lady, "only just sulking."

"I never heard of a bicycle sulking," replied the instructor, unsympathetically.

"Didn't you?" returned the lady with growing enthusiasm. "Well, then, perhaps I've discovered something new. You know that a sewing machine gets sulky sometimes? No? O, of course not, if you've never used one. Well, it does. Sometimes it simply won't work right. Perhaps the weather affects it. Then it will take a jump and run along beautifully for days and days. It is simply mischief.

"Now, the first day I rode this bicycle I got along beautifully on it, and wasn't a bit afraid, and the second lesson was the same. Then it began to be sulky, and I began to be afraid of it, and I've been getting more and more afraid of it ever since. Now, how do you account for that, if it really isn't the fault of the bicycle in getting sulky and frightening me?"

"You got frightened because you tumbled off," said the instructor in a matter-of-fact way.

"Yes," said the lady, "and why did I tumble off? Because the bicycle was sulky and began playing tricks on me. Otherwise I ought to be making progress instead of falling back, as I am doing. So, don't you see, that it really is the bicycle's fault and not mine that I am doing so badly?"

"Well, perhaps so," said the instructor resignedly.

"The wheel has had a rest," said the lady, "perhaps it will be feeling better now. I will try it again. But keep a good hold of it."

And then she made another attempt to master the art of riding alone.—N. Y. Sun.

A CHEERY DINING ROOM.

Pleasant Table Environments a Decided Aid to Digestion.

"If I had to slight every other room in the house, I would have my dining-room well furnished," declares a successful home maker. "My callers might sit on cane chairs in a pictureless reception-room, but my family should take their meals in a bright, artistic apartment or I would give up housekeeping altogether. My idea is that an appetizing dining-room makes appetizing meals."

Truly, nothing is of greater aid to digestion than to have one's table environments of the cheeriest. If Americans would cultivate the foreign habit of lingering at the table they would be healthfully as well as socially benefited.

In England, and almost everywhere in Europe, the dining-room is a feature of well-equipped homes. It is large, well lighted and tastefully decorated. Old families hang their heirloom portraits here and assemble the handsomest of tables, sideboards, chairs, etc. It is natural for people dining amid such surroundings to loiter after the meal and enjoy that pleasant table companionship with family and friends which is a sadly neglected item of hospitality upon this side of the water.

Since the introduction of the round table an element of sociability has crept in even the much-slighted American dining-room. The oblong style, so suggestive of boarding-house methods, has been banished, along with armless, straight-backed chairs. Armchairs, comfortably upholstered, are a welcome luxury to those persons who desire to make eating more of a pleasure than a business. — Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Raspberry Flummery.

Boil one cupful of red raspberries and one pint of water ten minutes. Add a scant cupful of sugar, and when it is dissolved stir in three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch moistened with a little cold water. When it thickens, pour into cups to mold and set in a cold place. Serve with sugar and cream.—Ladies' World